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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

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at Roger's Bookstore, No. 827 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

BY A. WATTERS.

1.

Now the gloom dispelling orb
Hides his blazing crest,
Twilight hours cease to gild
Nature's dewy boudoir,
Sally will the cricket's chirp,
From the groves and ferns,
Quiver on the chilly breeze
Till the sun returns.

II.

Huddled was the minstrel bard,
That so free and gay,
Twitttered through the leafy land
All the rosy day.
Dazzling dewdrops lightly falling
Bathe the grass and flowers,
While the songs of katydids
Till the sun returns.

III.

Hard and hollow sounds are heard
By the rocky brook,
Where the lizard and the frog
Haunt each hummock,
And the lonely whippoorwill,
Perched on mossy rail,
Tells his wild and plaintive story
To the sighing gale.

IV.

Widely roams the lightning-bird,
Over pond and brake,
Gleaming through the murky air
Like a fiery flake.
Hooting screech-owls fit the gloom,
Perch on mossy rail,
Hunting for unlucky mice,
Shine out again to-morrow!

THE MANIA'S PLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM WINTERS.

Unto have seen,
But which now I may not see;
Unto all that might have been,
But which now can never be:

Unto Innocence and Truth;
Unto Love, that once I knew;
Unto all the hopes of youth,
And to all its sorrows too:

Unto all its sweet desires,—
Dreams of tenderness and grace;

Unto all its heavenly fires;

Unto one remembered face:

Unto winged fancies flown;

Unto pure affections lost;

Unto Peace, though all unknown;

Unto heat and unto frost:

Unto all that's dead and gone;

Happy heart and eager eye;

Drink—the hours are flying on;

Drink—the years are flashing by!

Drink to weakness! drink to power!

All is vain, the poet with!

Hail with glee the present hour!

Drink to swift and sudden death!

MIDSUMMER WINTERS.

BY FRED. A. PARMENTER.

I list to the winds in the high tree tops,
That sigh with a solemn, vibrating tone,
And think that I hear the silver notes
Of angelic harps, from Edens bower!

II.

Oh, bough, leafy tree, to the midsummer winds,

Let them play on your boughs for a lyre!

They play on my soul, too, and win from it notes

That faint with their burden of prayerful desire!

Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

1.

A cautious French writer has observed that "most men are mortal." The remark is too general to give offence even to the most sensitive, but for my own part, I am not sensitive on this point at all. I belong to the great majority who at once admit their mortality, and plied glibly to all its weaknesses. Now chief among these weaknesses is the disposition to undervalue what we possess ourselves, and to overrate and overvalue what that which is possessed by others. In my own case, this tendency is very marked; a fact which I incline to attribute in part to my overweening modesty. I am vain neither of myself nor anything that is mine, and I highly appreciate others and everything that is theirs. For example, though by means a deformed person, I have not a limb nor a feature with which I can content; while if by taking thought I could add a cubit to my stature, I should certainly do so. In this state of mind, I am constantly envying men their possessions; I want this man's eye, that one's nose, the third one's chest, and so on.

Well, in one sense, this is an amiable feeling, for it makes me look upon every person I meet (when compared with myself) as singularly fortunate; but it is in no sense a comfortable feeling, for it keeps me in a state of chronic dissatisfaction, and makes me the most dreary and dyspeptic of men.

It is all very well for Harriet Winslow to say—

"Why thou long, why forever aching
For the far-off, unattained and dim?"

but how is a body to help it? And for her benevolent attempt at consolation, thus—

"They hands may grasp the soft and fervent,
From persons in power may shine;
For the far-off, unattained and dim?"

It is a piece of rank sophistry. I have been a fervent admirer of one thing, and another all my life, but I do not yet find that "the world" "mises," nor any considerable portion of it; and so long as "other hands" continue to "grasp" it, this state of things is likely to last. Moreover, if all the world were mine, I shouldn't care anything about it; like Almackes, I should right for new worlds. Tibbs parts, after all, are poor hands

at consolation. Emerson, unable to get possession of the land about him (which is owned by a parcel of farmers), congratulates himself that he owns the "landscape!" There is some sense in this, however, for, at any rate, nobody else owns it; but what are we to think of Charles Mackay, who sings:

"There hath a thousand acres,
Never a one have I;
But the power of the twin
Is Harper, and not I."

Do you believe it? Does he believe it himself? Offer him an acre or two, and see! Suppose I should sing,

"Harper hath a million dollars,
Not I;
But the power of the twin
Is Harper, and not I."

Would he think me in earnest? Or if he did, would he give me my price for this article? Never!

But a truce with criticism, and let us come to the point. Once more, then, I own up that I am not only mortal, but mortally envious. I want everything within my reach; or, rather, everything beyond my reach. Any desired object that comes within that tempting distance I begin to depreciate, and once in my possession I am apt to despise it. Hence, I am always neglecting the "bird in the hand," and running a wild-goose chase (in defiance of the old proverb) after "the two in the bush;" and this brings me to my story, for but for this weakness I should now have been an old bachelor, and (but don't send this number of the Magazine to my house!) my wife would probably have been an old maid. Let me go on in my own discursive way and you shall know all about it.

Nothing, of course, would give me greater pleasure; so I offered my arm at once to Miss Thorpe (though not without a look at her sister, which said plainly enough that I had no choice in the matter, etc., etc.), and in a few moments we were at Mallard's, where we spent nearly an hour—my friend Driggs in such unusual spirits that twice he politely smiled, and I the unhappy and awkwardness of mortals. The only moment I enjoyed was that spent in congratulating my old classmate, and consequently complimenting his wife, who looked—well, if I must say it, looked divinely. But my chief attention had to be paid to Miss Thorpe, whom I decided at once to be very, very, very matter-of-fact, and, in a word (under the circumstances), a great bore. Still, I deported myself gallantly to her, spilled but one spoonful of cream upon her dress and doubtless gave her the idea that she had made a most favorable impression. Ice-cream finished, conversation run out, and the hour getting late, Tibbs and Driggs invited me to come the next day and dine with him, the invitation being cordially seconded and thirded by the ladies.

Now was ever a man in such a fix? I was positively in love with Mrs. Driggs! In love with my friend's wife! I had never seen a woman who came so near to my ideal. She had all the bloom of the country and all the grace of the city. She was intelligent, refined, and (I had no doubt) accomplished. Her hands to be sure, were rather large, but her whiteness was ravishing. And then what a neck, and what teeth! Such expression too! Her smile, instead of being confined to her lips, reached to her very eyes; indeed, eye and lip, cheek and cheek, all contributed their part to it; and when it grew more and more animated, until at last it broke out into clear ringing laughter, why it seemed as if her happy soul, no longer able to contain itself, had broken loose and flooded her whole countenance!

As for Miss Thorpe, I hardly gave her a thought. I really had not noticed her enough to know the color of her eyes. I don't believe I looked her fair in the face once the whole evening. The idea that she was single, perhaps free, and that possibly my friend Driggs imagined she would "do for me," prevented my taking the least interest in her. The only feeling I had in respect to her was that she ought to have been Mrs. Driggs; and that Mrs. Driggs ought to have been Mrs. Crawshay; and I pitched into Fates that it was not so.

What right had Driggs, a dull, slow, unromantic creature, to up and marry an angelic, serene being like Kate Thorpe? Who would dare to talk to me after this

about matches being made in Heaven?

Twice I wrote a note to my friend, pretending that I was plain from the beginning that I should have to give in. I was a marked man. Stephen Pearl Andrews could not have saved me. But I fought long and manfully against my fate, and fell at last under circumstances which it was impossible to resist. Let the reader judge.

During the long period of my single life my most intimate companion was a young man by the name of Driggs, who was one of my classmates in college. Now if any one of an antithetical turn of mind will describe a character the exact opposite of what is called a fast man, he will describe my friend Driggs to the life. He was the slowest man in the world—slow in thought, slow in speech, slow in gait, slow in everything but eating, drinking, and paying his scot. But though slow, he was sure. Whatever he undertook accomplished. You could no more move him than you could move a mountain, but he would move you, or anybody or anything, at will. How he did it nobody knew, but there was no resisting him. He asked nothing, and got everything. He came upon you when he had an object to gain (as he generally had) unaware, and without observation, and moved steadily on, as though drawn by a million or two smalls, who couldn't be hurried on any account whatever, but, on the other hand, couldn't be stopped, and carried everything along with them. One day he resolved to marry. He went to a farm-house, told the farmer he wanted his daughter, told the same thing in course of conversation to the daughter herself, and the next week came in a one-horse chaise, took the young woman to church, and got the minister, after sermon, to marry him to her, which, of course, the minister did, without asking a question; he would as soon have questioned his own son.

As Driggs "never told his love," or any thing else for that matter, his friends found out that he was married by reading the announcement in that beauteous corner of a village-newspaper decorated (very appropriately) with a transixed heart. None of us were surprised, for nothing that he could have done would have surprised anybody. We all thought that we should like to have seen the courtship; but there was no courtship.

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The following is from the Paris correspondence of the London *Critic*:

The exhibition of the works of the late Ary Scheffer attracts great and deserved attention here, and the collection has been enriched within a few days by several important additions. The *Salon* of 1858, which opened to 194, and taken together, they afford high testimony to the genius and industry of their producer. The works have been collected from all parts of the world, and there is every little chance indeed that another opportunity of thus studying together the works of Scheffer will ever occur. The exhibition includes nearly all the artist's famous works, "from the *Salon* to the *Salon* of 1858," "Marguerite with the Spinet," "Marguerite in the Church," "Marguerite coming out of the Church," and "Marguerite at the Well," the two popular "Mignons"; and "Marguerite and the old Harper," the property of Queen Victoria; "Francesca di Rimini"; the "Sultane WOMEN," the "Giaour"; and many well known gems. The portraits, however, a very remarkable portion of the exhibition, for the originals are in most cases men of distinction, and the pictures have been but little seen by the public. Amongst the most conspicuous are those of Benjamin Franklin, General Lafayette (painted in 1822), Beranger, Odilon Barrot, the author himself (taken in 1838), and of whom there was a bust in the *Salon* of 1858. General Caulaincourt, Villeneuve, Massé, and Lord Brougham, a noble full length, painted in 1853. In the collection are two interesting pictures left in an unfinished state by the artist. The arrangement of the exhibition is excellent, all the works are well seen, and the attendant fees to yield something considerable to the relief fund of the association of artists, to which the proceeds are to be given.

BRAZILIAN CUSTOMS;

What was said at an Antiquarian Dinner.

Toothpicks—Domestic and Social Habits.—Old Hospitality.—Pantomime.

Mr. EDITOR.—At a dinner lately given by the President of a neighboring Antiquarian Society to a small party of associates, and to which I had the honor of an invitation, information on diverse small matters was elicited, which I think may be interesting to your readers. Observe, I say to your readers, not to yourself; for I have my suspicions that you are of the class of "solid writers" who like antiquarians to old women, and irreverently designate the relics they collect as rat-traps and rubbish.

Palitos.

On the cloth being removed, Captain D.—, one of the oldest and most active members, and commander of a Rio steamer, placed on the table a small box of palitos (toothpicks), such as have been imported from the Peninsula into Brazil ever since its occupancy by the Portuguese. They are made of orange wood by shepherds, and are of various qualities, according to the labor spent on them. Those before us were of the first chop—each being ornamented at the blunt end with scrolls like those of an Ionic column, the minikins involving delicate shavings left adhering to the body. "Palitos," said the captain, "are used by every one in Brazil, from the Emperor to the lowest tradesman. Even negro slaves may be observed in the streets with them stuck behind the ear, where clerks sometimes put their pens when not in use. All repeats are wound up by pushing round the paliteiro, a fanciful device for holding the picks, and often forming an item in a family's silver plate. With those who do not smoke, palitos are equal to cigars in promoting conversation, besides being cheaper and more durable."

On this the Secretary, who is at home on most subjects, continued that: "From the times of the Normans to the present hour, the lively Gauls have been the teachers of the brusque and phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons in manners, dress, and innumerable accessories of fashion and taste. From one branch or other of the Latin race we have derived most of these things. Tableforks, it is known, passed through Italy into England, where they met with violent and general opposition. Those who used them were derided, like the introducers of umbrellas, as tops and corollaries of manners. This was no later than the seventeenth century; for not till then did the feeding habits of our ancestors deviate from those of the Orientals. For soups they had spoons, but for other matters every one thrust his hand into the dish and fished for himself. Another article of table furniture naturalized on Continental Europe since Greek and Roman times, are toothpicks; and yet they have but recently been admitted into our restaurants and hotels. An indifferent New York journal (*the Tribune*), in its issue of May 19, 1847, severely denounced their introduction. Toothpicks are brought on to some of the tables of public houses in order to drive most of the boarders from the table before ice-creams and jellies are served. But a few years have made a great change in popular opinion. They are becoming generally domesticated with us."

In works illustrative of Spanish manners they are of constant occurrence. It was impossible for Cervantes to overlook them. The making of them was a gentlewoman's amusement. In his controversy with the Canon, Don Quixote, after hearing his opponent, begs him to be silent and not continue to stain blasphemy against chivalry; but to act like a discreet person and peruse standard books on the subject, by which he would learn, among other matters, how every true knight errant was honored by princes, welcomed at the castles of the great, clothed in gorgeous apparel, led into banqueting apartments, waited on by damsels, etc., and how, when the dinner is ended and the cloth taken away, the knight lolls in his chair and picks his teeth according to custom." Fosbroke informs us that ancient toothpicks occur of silver, wood, and feathers. The *rudiments* of Martial were most usual. To pick the teeth in the time of Elizabeth was the mark of a man affecting foreign fashions. In a ludicrous order in "Nichol's Progresses" is the following: "Item. No knight of this order shall be armed, for the safeguard of his countenance, with a pike in his mouth, in the nature of a toothpick. Narre observes that the using of a toothpick in public was a mark of gentility. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, magnetic toothpicks and earpicks were fashionable specimens for pains in the teeth, eyes, and ears.

In fact, the application of the magnet as a curative agent was known at least thirteen hundred years ago. In the middle ages it was used as a preservative against convulsions and affections of the nerves, for reliving persons afflicted with the gout, removing ordinary rheumatic twinges, and as a sovereign remedy for aches in the head, ears, face, and teeth. The inventors of magnetic necklaces, bracelets, armlets, anklets, girdles, etc., so extensively advertised recently in the *Advertiser* of "new" "pain-extractors," the magic picks that with a touch removed the keenest of mortal pangs. They might, certainly for a season, become as fashionable and profitable as metallic tractors once were."

At the close of these remarks, one of the members who appeared to enjoy more than any of us the President of the Chateau Margaux, requested the captain to give a few more touches of Brazilian character and manners. The following is the substance of what he told us:

Domestic and Social Customs

"Many old Portuguese customs are passing away in Brazil. Formerly ladies were scarcely ever allowed to go out except to church. Chevalier W.—p., who has spent most of his life in an official capacity in Rio, says it is only since the English and French have got among them that females began to stir abroad and affect, as they do, French fashions and manners. Their late years, wives, as among the Moors, did not dine with their husbands, and, except on extraordinary oc-

casions, were never seen by male visitors. Once, Sir John and his daughter dined with a native merchant who, as a particular favor, introduced his wife at table, but the compliment was never regretted.

Receiving little company, ladies were commonly in deshabille, and, seated on the floor, occupied themselves with the needle. When a visitor was at the door, he was recognized through the latticed panel; and if admitted, an inner door, with a peeping-hole, prevented further ingress till he was recognized or his business made known. Sir John says he once or twice passed the second gate before the ladies had time to rise and hurry off into more concealed apartments. In many houses these inner doors are still to be seen."

Ancient Hospitality.

A custom characteristic of ancient hospitality is, more or less, kept up. A friend invited to dinner sometimes takes with him a string of cousins, nephews, nieces, and a swarm of attending negroes, enough to cause, for weeks after, a dearth of provisions in the inviter's larder. Sir John once asked an officer of the Customs House—a gentleman never known to take his wife to a party or to admit any of his friends into her presence—to dine *en famille* with him. The hour came, and with it, to the amazement of the host and his lady, Señor—and eighteen relatives, male and female, with half a dozen colored servants.

Young folks used to carry bags to feasting parties, and dropped into them duplicates of delicacies they relished. The Emperor and his sisters have thus borne of many a bon-bon from the tables of friends."

Pantomime.

Most people talk with their tongues, but Brazilians express and exchange thought while their organs are at rest. Every man, woman, and child, have the habit of drawing down the covers of the mouth, pushing up the lips to the nose, and raising the shoulders and eyebrows, whenever a question is asked that they cannot or do not like to answer. This play of the features is as sudden as it is expressive. Two ladies or gentlemen are in earnest conversation, smile, chase each other over the faces of both, and in a twinkling, the expression of one is so changed, that had you but sight of him, you would hardly take him for the same individual.

But the hand as a telegraph is in constant employment. Holding out the right one, and rubbing the thumb over the forefinger is asking for money, and in universal use. A slight nod of the head is, as with us, an affirmative, but the general and most decided of negatives is to waive the forefinger, in a perpendicular position, two or three times across the heart, or in front of the face. Thus a party asks payment of a bill and is refused without a syllable being spoken. A lady at her window asks another passing by in a carriage how she does, by holding the palm of the right hand upwards and shaking the fingers. By turning the palm down and closing them her friend is pressed to come in. At evening parties a lady will place her thumb over the adjoining forefinger and thus intimate her opinion to another that it is time to break up. The movement is the last one in the act of a person crossing or blessing himself, and is thus employed as a private signal to put an end to other matters." And with it, Mr. Editor, I take my leave.

Special Notices.

OCean MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamer A.R.A.G., hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, July 23, at 12 o'clock, A. M.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at Roosa's Bookstore, 815 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

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PIANOS TO LET.

FOUR WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.

DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.

The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

THE N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. Avery Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the New York Saturday Press.

JOYCE & KIRK, by Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

We are indebted to the publishers—the technical term, we believe, is "the enterprising and spirited publishers"—for the advance-sheets of all the above work, which is to be published to-day in all the luxury of the best Brainstown typography.

We have had barely time to run over the tempting pages, but have read enough in them to *feel*, at least, that had the D.C.L. (Cockney for Deuced Clever Laureate) written "nothing else," he would have established his claim to being indelibly the first of living poets.

In our next issue we shall endeavor to give an extended notice of the "Idyll," meanwhile we offer to the reader, as the most literary treat of the week, the following extracts, remarking only that their almost scriptural simplicity of diction appears to be a characteristic of the entire work.

Fortune and Her Wheel.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud; Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud; Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower her low.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud; Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel up to the sun; Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower her low.

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